

TO ATTEND MRS. STORY

[illegible]

as the superintendent of the hospital tried to suppress the pity in his look with which he accepted the money she had thrown upon his desk, when she fled from that ward, she fled from that voice.

"When he is well," she said quietly, "give him this money." She said it from a

"But—"

"From—a friend," she repeated softly, a faint smile upon her lips.

She rose suddenly for the scent of roses was in her nostrils, the vision of a fair-haired girl, with a dress of a tiny white cottage nestling at the foot of the stem.

"Perhaps he may go back," she murmured to herself, as she left the patient's room.

"Perhaps he may go back—home—and be glad—glad the home didn't go when the fair-haired girl was paid—paid. Who Pays?"

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END OF THE FIRST STORY.

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The second story, "The Pursuit of Pleasure," commences in our next issue.

There has never been a time when it has been more important to every citizen to be familiar with the history of our country, and with our position and rights both as a nation and in relation to other nations.